

THE GOBLINS

A Comedy.

Presented at the Private House in Black-
Fryers, by His *Majesties* servants.

WRITTEN
By Sir JOHN SUCKLING.

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MDCXLVI.



PROLOGUE.



*It in a Prologue, Poets justly may
Stile a new imposition on a Play. (Stage)
When Shakespeare, Beaumont, Fletcher rul'd the
There scarce were ten good pallats in the age,
More curious Cooks then guests ; for men would eat
Most hartily of any kind of meat,
And then what strange variety each Play,
A Feast for Epicures, and that each day.
But marke how odly it is come about,
And how unluckily it now fals out :
The pallats are growne, higher number increas't,
And there wants that which should make up the Feast ;
And yet yare so unconscionable. You'd have
Forsooth of late, that which they never gave,
Banquets before ; and after. ———
Now pox on him that first good Prologue writ,
He left a kind of rent charge upon wit ;
Which if succeeding Poets faile to pay,
They forfeit all their worth, and that's their play :
T' have Ladies humors, and yare growne to that,
You will not like the man lesse that his boots and hat
Be right ; no play, unlesse the Prologue be,
And Epilogue writ to curiositie.
Well (Gentiles) 'tis the grievance of the place,
And pray consider't, for here's just the case ;
The richnesse of the ground is gone and spent,
Mens braines grow barren, and you raise the Kent.*



Francelia.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter as to a Duell :

Samorat, Philateh, Torcular.

Samorat,



Ut my Lords,
 May not this harsh businesse
 Yet be left undone ! (ster ;
 Must you hate me because I love your si-
 And can you hate at no lesse rate then
Phil. No, at no lesse : (death ?
 Thou art the blaster of our fortunes,

the envious cloud that darknest all our day,
 while she thus prodigally, and fondly
 throwes away her love on thee ;

A 2

She

She has not wherewithall to pay a debt
Unto the Prince. ———

Sam. Is this all?

Tor. Faith, what if in short we doe not thinke
You worthy of her? ———

S. m. I sweare that shall not make a quarrell,
I thinke so too;
'Have urg'd it often to my selfe;
Against my selfe have tworn't as oft to her,
Pray let this satisfie. ———

Phil. Sure (*Torcular*) he thinks we come to talke
Looke you Sir; ——— *drawes.*
And brother since his friend has fail'd him,
Doe you retire.

Tor. Excuse me (*Philatell*)
I have an equall interest in this,
And fortune shall decide it. ———

Phil. It will not need, bee's come. ———

Enter *Orsabin.*

Orf. Mercury protect me! what are these?
The brothers of the high-way!

Phil. A stranger by his habit. ———

Tor. And by his looks a Gentleman.
Sir, — will you make one!
We want a fourth. ———

Orf. I shall be rob'd with a tricke now!

Sam. My Lords excuse me!
This is not civil.

In what concerne my selfe,
None but my selfe must suffer. ———

Orf. A duell by this light, ———
Now has his modestie,
And t'others forwardnes warm'd me. ——— *goes towards the*
Gentlemen, I weare a sword,
And commonly in readines,
If you want one, speake Sir. ——— *to Samor*

doe not feare much suffering.

Sam. Yare noble Sir,
know not how t'invite you to it;
yet, there is Justice on my side,
and since you please to be a witnesse
to our actions, 'tis fit you know our Story. —

Orf. No Story Sir I beseech you, —

the cause is good enough as 'tis,

may be spoil'd i'th telling.

Phil. Come we trifle then. —

Sam. It is impossible to preserve I see
my honor and respect to her.

and since you know this too my Lord,
it is not handsome in you thus to presse me,
but come —

Torcular beckens to *Orfabrin*. —

that I understand you Sir. — — — — — *Exeunt.*

Philatell and *Samoratt* fight.

Phil. In posture still. —

they are mortall then it seemes. — — — — — *A slight wound.*

Sam. Thou hast undone thy selfe rash man,

or with this bloud thou hast let out a spirit

will vex thee to thy grave, —

Fight agen, *Samorat* takes away *Philatells* sword,
and takes breath, then gives it him.

Sam. I'm coole agen,

ere my Lord. —

and let this Present bind your friendship. —

Phil. Yes thus. — — — — — *Runs. t him.*

Sam. Treacherous, and low. —

Enter *Orfabrin*.

Orf. I have dril'd my gentleman,

have made as many holes in him

would sinke a Ship Royall

sight of the Haven : —

now now ? — — — — — *Samorat upon his knee.*

't'boot

S'foot yonder's another going that way too.——
Now have I forgot of which side I'm on,
No matter.

*I'll help the weakest;
'There's some Justice in that.*

Phil. The Villaine sure has slain my brother.
If I have any friends above,
Guide now my hand unto his heart. — *Onfabr*

Sam. Hold noble youth !
Destroy me not with kindnesse :
Men will say he could have kil'd me,
And that injustice should not be
For honours sake, leave us together.

Orf. 'Tis not my business fighting ————— *Phis.*
Th' employment's yours Sir :
If you need me,
I am within your call.

Sam. The gods reward thee : ———
Now *Philatell* thy worst. ——— *They fight agen, and close, Sam*
Enter *Orsabin*. *(fires his sword)*

Orf. Hell and the Furies are broke loose upon us,
Shift for your self Sir. ————— Flies into the woods &c.

Enter *Torcular*, weak with bleeding.

Tor. It will not be, —

My body is a Jade:
I feele it tire, and languish under me.
Those thoughts came to my soule
Like Screech-owles to a sick mans window. —

Enter *Theeves* back agen.

Thee. Here — here —
Tor. Oh ! I am fetcht away alive. — *Exeunt.* { They bind him, & carry him away.
Enter Orsabin.

Ors. Now the good gods preserve my senses right,
For they were never in more danger :
'Tis name of doubt, what could this be ?
Sure 'twas a Conjuror I dealt withall :

And while I thought him busie at his praiers,
 I was at his circle, levying this Regiment.

Heere they are agen. _____

Enter *Samoratt*.

Sam. Friend _____ Stranger _____ Noble youth _____

Orf. Heere _____ heere _____

Sam. Shift, shift the place,

The wood is dangerous,

As you love safety,

Follow me. _____ *Exeunt.*

Enter *Philatell*.

Phi. Th' have left the place,

And yet I cannot find the body any where _____

May be he did not kill him then,

But he recover'd strength,

And reacht the Towne _____

_____ It may be not too. _____

Oh that this houre could be call'd backe agen.

_____ But 'tis too late,

And time must cure the wound that's given by fate. — *Exit.*

Enter *Samoratt*, *Orfabrin*.

Orf. I'th shape of Lions too sometimes,

And Beares ? _____

Sam. Often Sir. _____

Orf. Pray unriddle. _____

Sam. The wiser sort doe thinke them Theeves,

Which but a shame these formes to rob

More powerfully. _____

Or. Why does not then the State

Set out some forces and suppress them ?

Sam. It often has (Sir) but without successe. _____

Or. How so ? _____

Sam. During the time those leavies are abroad,

Not one of them appeares,

There have been

That have attempted under ground ;

But of those, as of the dead
There has been no returne. _____

Or. Strange.

Sam. The common people thinke them a race
Of honest and familiar Devills,
For they do hurt to none,
Unlesse resisted ;
They seldowe take away, but with exchange ;
And to the poore they often give,
Returne the hurt, and sicke recover'd
Reward, or punish, as they do find cause. _____

Or. How cause ? _____

Sar. Why Sir, they blind still those they take,
And make them tell the stories of their lives,
Which known, they do accordingly. _____

Or. You make me wonder ! Sir, _____
How long is't since they thus have troubled you ?

Sam. It was immediately upon
The great deciding day, fought
'Twixt the two pretending families,
The *Samorats*, and the *Orfabrins*.

Or. Ha ! *Orfabrin* ?

Sam. But Sir, that storie's sad, and tedious,
We are entring now the Town,
A place lesse safe then were the Woods,
Since *Toreular* is slaine _____

Or. How Sir ? _____

Sam. Yes. _____

He was the Brother to the Princes Mistris,
The lov'd one too.

If wee do prize our selves at any rate,
We must embarque, and change the clime,
There is no safety here. _____

Or. Hum. _____

Sam. The little stay we make, must be
In some darke corner of the Towne :

From whence, the day hurried to th' other world,
Wee'le fall out to order for our journey.
That I am forc't to this, it grieves me not ;
But (gentle youth) that you should for my sake. —

Or. Sir loose not a thought on that
A storme at Sea threw me on Land,
And now a Storme on Land drives me
To Sea agen. —

Sam. Still noble, ————— *Exeunt.*

Enter Nassurat, Pellagrin.

Na. Why ; suppose 'tis to a Wench,
You would not goe with me, would you ? —

Pella. To chuse, — to chuse, —

Na. Then there's no remedy. — *Flings down his hat.*

Pella. What doest meane ? — *(unbuttons himself)*

Na. Why ? since I cannot leave you alive, *(drawes.)*
I will trie to leave you dead.

Pella. I thanke you kindly Sir, very kindly.
Now the Sedgly curse upon thee,
And the great Fiend, ride through thee
Booted and Spur'd, with a Sith on his necke ;
Pox on thee, I'le see thee hang'd first ;
S'foot, you shall make none of your fine
Points of honour, up at my charge :
Take your course if you be so hot.

Be doing, — be doing, ————— *Ex.*

Na. I am got free of him at last :
There was no other way ;
H'as been as troublesome as a woman that
Would be lov'd, whether a man would or not :
And h'as watcht me as if he had been
My Creditors Sergeant. If they should have dispatcht
In the meane time, there would be fine
Opinions of me. — I must cut his throat
In earnest, if it should be so. ————— *Ex.*

Enter

THE GOBLINS.

Enter *Theeves*, A horne sounds.

Th. A prize _____ A prize _____ A prize _____

Perid. Some duell (*Sir*) was faught this morning, this
Weakned with losse of blood, we tooke, the rest
Escap't. _____

Tamoren. Hee's fitter for our Surgeon, then for us,
Hereafter wee'll examine him _____

Agen a shout.

Thee. A prize _____ A prize _____ A prize _____
(They set them down) *Ardelan, Piraman.*

Tam. Bring them, bring them, bring them in,
See if they have mortall Sin,
Pinch them, as you dance about,
Pinch them till the truth come out. _____

Peri. What art ?

Ar. Extreameely poore, and miserable.

Per. 'Tis well, 'tis well, proceed,
No body will take that away from thee,
Feare not, _____ what Country ? _____

Ar. _____ *Francelia* _____

Per. Thy name ? _____

Ar. *Ardelan.* _____

Per. And thine, _____

Pira. *Piraman.* _____

Per. Thy story, _____ come _____

Ar. What story ! _____

Per. Thy life, thy life. _____ (Pinch him)

Ar. Hold, hold, _____

You shall have it ; _____ (he sighs)

It was upon the great defeat

Given by the *Samorats* unto the *Orfabrins*,
That the old Prince for safety of the young,
Committed him unto the trust of *Garradan*,
And some few servants more,
'Mongst whom I fil'd a place. _____

Tam. Ha ! *Garradan* !

Ar.

Ar. Yes.

Tam. Speake out, and set me nearer ;
So ; void the place, proceed. _____

Ar. We put to Sea, but had scarce lost the sight
Of Land, ere we were made a prey
To Pirates, there *Garradan*
Resisting the first Boord, chang'd life with death ;
With him the servants too, _____
All but my selfe and *Piramant*.

Under these Pirats ever since
Was *Orsabin* brought up,
And into severall Countries did they carry him.

Tam. Knew *Orsabin* himselfe ? _____

Ar. Oh ! no, his spirit was too great ;
We durst not tell him any thing,
But waited for some accident
Might throw us on *Francelia*,
'Bout which we hover'd often,
And we were neere it now,
But Heaven decreed it otherwise : _____ (he sighs)

Tam. Why dost thou sigh ? _____

Ar. Why do I sigh ? (indeed,)
For teares cannot recall him ;
Last night about the second watch, the
Winds broke loose,
And vext our Ships so long,
That it began to reele and totter,
And like a drunken man,
Took in so fast his liquor,
That it sunke downe i'th place. _____

Tam. How did you scape ? _____

Ar. I bound my selfe unto a masse,
And did advise my Master to do so,
For which he struck me only,
And said I did consult too much with feare. _____

Tam. 'Tis a sad story. _____ (within there)
Let

Let them have Wine and
Fire, _____ but hearke you, _____ (*Whispers*)

Enter *Theeves*.

With a *Poet*.

The. A Prize. — A prize, — A prize. _____

Per. Set him downe, _____

Poet. _____ Sings. _____

— And for the blew, _____

Give him a Cup of Sacke 'twill mend his hew. _____

Per. Drunke as I live. _____ (*Pinch him, pinch him.*)

What art ? _____

Poet. I am a Poet,

A poore dabler in Rime. _____

Per. Come confesse, confesse ;

Poet. I do confesse, I do want money.

Per. By the description hee's a Poet indeed.

Well proceed. _____ (*Pinch him*)

Poet. What d'you meane ? _____

Pox on you.

Prethee let me alone,

Some Candles here, _____

And fill us t'other Quart, and fill us

Rogue, Drawer, the t'other Quart,

Some small Beere. _____

And for the blew,

Give him a Cup of Sack 'twill mend his hew. ---

Tam. Set him by till hee's sober,

Come lett's go see our Duellist

Drest. _____ *Exeunt.*

Enter *Taylor*, two Sergeants.

Tay. Hee's something tall, and for his Chin,
It has no bush below :

Marry a little wooll, as much as an unripe

Peach doth weare ;

Iust enough to speake him drawing towards a man. _____

Ser. Is he of furie ?

*Vill

Will he foine,
And give the mortall touch?

Tay. Oh no!

He seldome weares his Sword.

Ser. *Topo* is the word if he do,

Thy debt, my little *Mirmidon*.

Tay. A yard and a halfe I assure you without abatement.

Ser. 'Tis well, 'tis wondrous well:

Is he retired into this house of pleasure?

Tay. One of these hee's entred;

'Tis but a little waiting,

You shall find me at the next Taverne. ——— *Exit.*

Ser. Stand close, I here one comming.

Enter Orsabrin.

Or. This house is sure no Seminary for *Lucreces*,
Then the Matron was so over diligent,
And when I ask't for meate or drinke,
Shee look't as if I had mistooke my selfe,
And cald for a wrong thing,
Well! 'tis but a night, and part of it I'll spend
In seeing of this Towne,
So famous in our Tales at Sea. ———

Ser. Looke, looke, muffled, and as melancholy after't
As a Gamester upon losse; upon him, upon him,

Or. How now my friends,
Why do you use me thus?

Ser. Quietly; 'twill be your best way

Or. Best way? for what?

Ser. Why, 'tis your best way,
Because there will be no other,
Topo is the word,
And you must along. ———

Or. Is that the word?

Why then, this is my Sword ——— (Run away)

Ser. Murder, murder, murder;
H'as kil'd the Princes Officer,

Murder.

Murder — Murder — Murder. —

Or. I must not stay,

I heare them swarme. ————— *Exit.*

Enter Constable, People.

Con. Where is he, where is he?

Ser. Here, — here — oh a Manmender,

A Manmender,

Has broacht me in so many places,

All the Liquor in my body will run out.

Con. In good sooth (neighbour) has tapt you at the
Wrong end too;

He has been busie with you here behind;

As one would say, lend a hand, some of you,

And the rest follow me. ————— *Exeunt*

Enter Orsabrin.

Or. Still pursu'd!

Which way now?

I see no passage;

I must attempt this wall, —————

Oh — a luckie doore.

And open. ————— *Exit.*

Enters agen.

Where am I now?

A garden and a handsome house,

If't be thy will a Porch too't,

And I'm made;

'Twill be the better lodging of the two. ————— (*goes to the Porch*)

Enter Maid.

Phemilia. Oh! welcome, welcome Sir,
My Lady hath been in such frights for you.

Or. Hum! for me? —————

Phe. And thought you would not come to night:

Or. Troth, I might very well have fail'd her:

Phe. Shée's in the Gallery alone i'th darke.

Or. Good, very good.

Phe. And is so melancholly, —————

Or.

Or. Hum. _____

Ph. Have you shut the Garden doores?
Come I'll bring you to her, enter, enter. _____

Or. Yes, I will enter:

He who has lost himselfe makes no great venter. — *Exit.*

ACT II.

Enter *Sabrina, Orsabin.*

Sab. OH welcome, welcome, as open aire to prisoners,
I have had such feares for you.

Or. Shees warme, and soft as lovers language:
Shee spoke too, pretillie ;

Now have I forgot all the danger I was in. _____

Sab. What have you done to day (my better part)

Or. Kind little Rogue !

I could say the finest things to her mee thinks,

But then shee would discover me,

The best way will be to fall too quietly. — (*kisses her*)

Sab. How now my *Samorat*,

What saucy heat hath stolne into thy blood,

And heightened thee to this ?

I feare you are not well. _____

Or. S'foot ! 'tis a *Platonique* :

Now cannot I so much as talke that way neither.

Sab. Why are you silent, Sir ?

Come I know you have been in the field to day.

Or. How does shee know that ? _____

Sab. If you have kill'd my brother, speake:

It is no new thing that true Love

Should be unfortunate :

Or. 'Twas her brother I kill'd then,

Would

Would *I* were with my Devils agen :
I got well of them,
 That will be here impossible. _____

Enter *Phemillia*.

Phe. Oh ! Madam, Madam,
 Y'are undone ;
 The garden walls are scal'd,
 A froud of people are entring th' house.

Or. Good _____ why here's varietie of ruine yet. _____

Sab. 'Tis so,
 The Feet of Justice
 Like to those of time,
 Move quick,
 And will destroy *I* feare as sure:
 Oh Sir, what will you do,
 There is no ventring forth,
 My Closet is the safest,
 Enter there,
 While *I* goe down and meet their furie
 Hinder the search if possible. _____

Exit.

Or. Her Closet,
 Yea, where's that ?
 And, if *I* could find it,
 What should *I* do there ?
 Shee will returne, _____
I will venture out. _____

Exit.

{ Enter the Prince, Philatell }
 { Phontrell, Companie, Musique. }

Phi. The lightest aires ; 'twill make them
 More secure, _____

Upon my life hee'll visite her to night. _____

Musick plaies
(and sings.)

Prince. Nor shee, nor any lesser light
 Appeares, _____

The calme and silence 'bout the place,
 Pertwardes me shee does sleep.

Phi. It may be not, but hold,

It

It is enough — let us retire
 Behind this Pillar, *Phontrell*, is thy place,
 As thou didst love thy Master shew thy care,
 You to th' other Gate,
 There's thy Ladder. ————— *Exeunt.*

Enter Sabrina.

Sab. Come forth my *Samorat*, come forth,
 Our feares were false,
 It was the Prince with Musicke,
Samorat, Samorat,
 He sleepest, ————— *Samorat,*
 Or else hee's gon to find me out
 In Gallery, *Samorat, Samorat*, it must be so. ————— *Exit.*

Enter Orsabin.

Ors. This house is full of Thresholds,
 And Trap-doores,
 Have been i'th Cellar,
 Where the Maids lie too,
 And my hand groping for my way
 Upon one of them,
 And thee began to squeake,
 Would I were at Sea agen i'th storme,
 To a doore :
 Though the Devill were the Porter,
 And kept the Gate, I'de out. ———

Enter Samorat

Or. Ha ! guarded ? taken in a trap ?
 I will out,
 And there's no other

at this. ————— (*Retires and draws, runs at him*
Another passe they close.

Sam. *Philatell* in ambush on my life—

Enter Sabrina, and Phemillia with a light

Sab. Where should he be ?

I ———

Good Heavens what spectacle is this ? my *Samorat* !

Some apparition sure, ————— (*They discover one another*
by the light, throw away
their weapons, and embrace.

Sam. My noble friend,
What angry, and malicious Planet.
Cover'd at this point of time! —

Sab. (My wonder does grow higher)

Or. That which governes ever :

I feldome knew it better.

Sam. It does amaze me Sir, to find you here.
How entred you this place ?

Or. Forc't by unruly men it's street.

Sab. Now the mistake is plaine.

Or. Are you not hurt ?

Sam. No, — but you bleed ?

Or. I do indeed,

But 'tis not here,

This is a scratch,

It is within to see this beauty ;

For by all circumstance, it was her brother,
Whom my unlucky Sword found out to day.

Sab. Oh ! my too cruell fancy. —————

(Weepe)

Sam. It was indeed thy Sword,

Eu not thy fault,

I am the cause of all these ills.

Why d'you weep *Sabrina* ! —————

Sab. Unkind unto thy selfe, and me,
The tempest, this sad newes has rais'd within me
I would have laid with Sheares,
But thou disturb'st me,

Oh ! *Samoraz*.

Had'st thou consulted but with love as much
As honour, this had never been.

Sam. I have no love for thee that has not had
So strict an union with honour still,
That in all things they were concern'd alike,
And if there could be a division made,
It would be found
Honour had here the leaner share:

'Twas

'Twas love that told me 'twas unfit
That you should love a Coward.

Sab. These handsome words are now
As if one bound up wounds with filke,
Or with fine knots,
Which do not helpe the cure,
Or make it heale the sooner:
Oh I *Saw* orat this accident
Lies on our love,
Like to some foule disease,
Which though it kill it not,
Yet wil't destroy the beauty;
Disfigur't so,
That 'twill looke ugly to th' world hereafter. —

Sam. Must then the Acts of Fate be crimes of men?
And shall a death be pul'd upon himselfe,
Relaid on others?

Remember Sweet, how often
You have said it in the face of Heaven,
That 'twas no love,
Which length of time, or cruelty of chance,
Could lessen, or remove,
Should kill me not that way *Sabrina*,
This is the nobler;
Take it, and give it entrance any where —

*Kneeler and pre-
sents his Sword.*

Here,
For you to fill that place,
That you must wound your selfe: —

Or. Am I so slight a thing?
A bankrupt?

Unanswerable in this world?

That being principally i'th debt,

Another must be cal'd upon,

And I not once look't after?

Alas! why d'you throw away your Teares]

In one that's irrecoverable?

Sab. Why? therefore Sir,
Because hee's irrecoverable.

Orf. But why on him?
He did not make him so.

Sab. I do confesse my anger is unjust,
But not my sorow Sir,
Forgive these teares my *Samorat*,
The debts of nature must be paid,
Though from the stocke of love
Should they not Sir?

Sam. Yes. ———
But thus the precious minutes passe,
And time, ere I have breath'd the sighs,
Due to our parting,
Will be calling for me.

Sab. Parting? ———

Sam. Oh yes *Sabrin*. I must part,
As day does from the world,
Not to returne till night be gone,
Till this darke Cloud be over,
Hereto be found,
Were foolishly to make a present
Of my life unto mine enemy,
Retire into thy Chamber faire,
There thou shalt know all. ———

Sab. I know too much already. ——— *Exit.*

Enter *Phontrell*.

Hold rope for me, and then hold rope for him.
Why, this is the wisdom of the Law now,
A Prince looses a subject, and does not
Think himselfe paid for the loss,
Till he lootes another:
Well I will do my endeavour
To make him a saver;
For this was *Samorat*.. ——— *Exit.*

Enter *Samorat*, Or *Sabrin* bleeding.

Or. Let it bleed on, ——— you shall not stirre

I swear. _____

Sam. Now by the friendship that I owe thee,
And the Gods beside, I will
Noble youth, were there no danger in thy wound,
Yet would the losse of blond make thee
Unfit for travell,
My servants waite me for direction,
With them my Surgeon, I'll bring him instantly,
Pray go back. _____ — *Exit.*

Enter *Philatell*, Guard.

Phil. There. _____ (*places them at*
You to the other Gate, _____ (*the doors.*
The rest follow me. _____ *Ex.*

Enter *Orsabin*, *Sabrina*.

Sab. Hearke a noise Sir.
This tread's too loud to be my *Samorats*.

Searchers. (Which way? — which way) — (*to them.*
Some villany in hand,
Step in here Sir, quick, quick. _____ *Locks him into her Clozet.*

{ Enter *Philatell*, Guard, and }
{ passe ore the Stage. }

Phi Looke every where. _____ (*Philatell dragging out*
Protect thy brothers murderer? _____ *his Sister.*
Tell me where thou hast hid him,
Or by my fathers ashes I will search
In every veine thou hast about thee, for him. _____

Enter *Orsabin*. _____ (*Orsabin hounes twice at*
_____ *the doore, it flis open.*

Or. Ere such a villany should be
The Gods would lend unto a single arme
Such strength, it should have power to punish
An Armie, such as thou art. _____

Phi. Oh I are you here Sir? _____

Or. Yes I am here Sir. _____ (*fight*)

Phil. Kill her. _____ (*Shee interpos'd*

Or. Oh! save thy selfe faire excellence,
And leave me to my Fate. _____

THE GOBLINS.

Bafe.

*Comes behind him, catches
bola of his ATHER.**Ph.* So bring him one,The other is not far, *Exeunt*Enter *Sabrina, Phemilia,**Sab* Run, run, *Phemilia*

To the Garden walls,

And meet my *Samorai*,

Tell him, oh tell him any thing,

Charge him by all our loves

He instantly rake Horle,

And put to Sea,

There is more safety in a storme,

Then where my brother is. *Exeunt*

ACT III.

Enter *Theeves.**Thee.* A Prize—— A prize, A prize,*Per.* Bring him forth, bring him forth;*(They dance about
him and sing)*

Welcome, welcome, mortall wight,

To the Mansion of the night:

Good or bad, thy life discover

Truly all thy deeds declare;

For about thee Spirits hover

That can tell, tell what they are.

—— Pinch him, if he speake not true,

—— Pinch him, pinch him black and blew,

Per. What art thou?*Stra.* I was a man.*Per.* Of whence? ——*Sr.* The Court. ——*Per.* Whether now bound?*Str.* To my owne house.*Per.*

Per. Thy name?

Str. *Stramador.*

Per. Oh you fill a place about his Grace,
And keep out men of parts, d'you not?

Str. Yes. _____

Per. A foolish Utenfill of State,
Which like old Plate upon a Gaudy day,
'Strought forth to make a show, and that is all;
For of no use y'are, y'had best deny this:

Str. Oh no! _____

Per. Or that you do want wit,
And then talke loud to make that passe for it?
You thinke there is no wisdom but in forme;
Nor any knowledge like to that of whispers: _____

Str. Right, right.

Per. Then you can hate, and fawn upon a man
At the same time,

And dare not urge the vices of another,

You are so foule your selfe;

So the Prince seldome heares truth.

Str. Oh! very seldome.

Per. And did you never give his Grace odde Counceils.
And when you saw they did not prosper,
Perswade him take them on himselfe. _____

Str. Yes, yes, often. _____

Per. Get baths of Sulphur quick,
And flaming oyles,

This crime is new, and will deserve it.

He has inverted all the rule of State;

Confounded policie,

There is some reason why a Subject
Should suffer for the errours of his Prince;

But why a Prince should beare

The faults of's Ministers, none, none at

All. _____ Cauldrons of Brimstone there.

Thee. Great Judge of this infernall place
Allow him yet the mercy of the Court.

Str. Kind Devill. ———

Per. Let him be boyld in scalding lead a while
T'enure, and to prepare him for the other.

Str. Oh ! heare me, heare me,

Per. Stay !

Now I have better thought upon't,

He shall to earth agen :

For villanie is catching, and will spread :

He will enlarge our Empire much,

Then w'are sure of him at any time,

So 'tis enough ——— where's our Gouverneur ? ——— *Exeunt.*

{ Enter *Goalor, Samorat, Nassurat,* }
{ *Pellegrin,* three others in disguise }

Iai. His haire curls naturally,

A handsome youth. ———

Sam. The same, ——— ——— ——— (*Drinkee to him.*)

Is there no speaking with him ?

He owes me a trifling summe. ———

Iay. Sure Sir the debt is something desperate,

There is no hopes he will be brought

To cleare with the world,

He struck me but for perswading him

To make even with Heaven,

He is as surly as an old Lion,

And as sullen as a Bullfinch,

He never eate since he was taken. ——— *Gentlemen*

Sam. I must needs speake with him,

Heark in the eare. ———

Iai. Not for all the world.

Sam. Nay I do but motion such a thing,

Iai. Is this the businesse Gentlemen ?

Fare you well ———

Sam. There is no choice of waies then. ——— (*Run after him, draw*

their daggers, set a

Or breath't aloud, thou breath't thy last.

So bind him now. ———

Undoe,

Undoe,
Quickly, quickly,
His Jerkin, his Hat.

Na. What will you do?
None of these Beards will serve,
There's not an eye of white in them.

Pell. Pull out the Silver'd ones in his
And sticke them in the other.

Na. Cut them, cut them out,
The bush will sute well enough
With a grace still.

Sam. Desperate wounds must have desperate
Cures, extreames must thus be serv'd, _____
You know your parts,
Feare not, let us alone. _____

Sings a Catch.

Some drinke, _____ what Boy, _____ some drinke _____

Fill it up, fill it up to the brinke,
When the Pots crie clinke,
And the Pockets chinke,

Then 'tis a merry world.

To the best, to the best, have at her,
And a Pox take the Woman-hater. _____

The Prince of darknesse is a Gentleman,

Mabu, Mabu is his name,

How d'you Sir?

You gape as you were sleepey,
Good faith he looks like an _____ *Ojss.*

Pell Or as if he had overstrain'd himselfe
At a deep note in a Ballad. _____

Na. What think you of an Oyster at a low ebb?
Some liquor for him;

You will not be a Pimpe for life you Rogue,

Nor hold a doore to save a Gentleman,

You are _____ Pox on him, what is he *Pellagrin*?

If you love me, let's stifle him,

And say 'twas a sudden judgement upon him

For

For swearing; the posture will confirme it.

Pell. We're in excellent humour,
Let's have another bottle,
And give out that *Anne* my wife is dead,
Shall I Gentlemen? _____

Na. Rare Rogue in Buckram,
Let me bite thee,
Before me thou shalt go out wit,
And upon as good termes,
As some of those in the Ballad too. Shall I

Pell. Shall I so? _____ Why then fourtee for the Guise,
Saines shall accrew, and ours shall be,
The black ey'd beauties of the time,
I'll ticke you for old ends of Plaies: _____

They sing, _____
A Round, — A Round, — A Round, _____
A Round, — A Round, — A Round _____

(*Knock*)

Some bodie's at doore.
Preethee, preethee, Sirra, Sirra,
Trie thy skill.

Na. Who's there.

Messen. One *Sturgelot* a Jaylor here? _____

Na. Such a on there was my friend,
But hee's gone above an houre ago:
Now did this Rogue whisper in his heart
That's a lie, _____ and for that very reason,
I'll cut his throat. _____

Pell. No preethee now, _____ for thinking?
Thou shalt not take the paines,
The Law shall do't _____

Na. How, _____ how? _____

Pell. Marry wee'll write it over when wee're gone,
He joynd in the plot, and put himselfe
Into this posture, merely to disguise it to
The world. _____

Na. Excellent,
Here's to thee for that conceit,

We

Wee should have made rare Statesmen,
 We are so wirty in our mitchiefe.
 Another song, and so let's go,
 It will be time.

— Sing. —

A health to the Nut browne Lasse,
 With the hazell eyes let it passe.
 Shee that has good eyes
 Has good thighs,
 Let it passe, — let it passe. —

Amuch to the lively Grey,
 'Tis as good it'h night as the day,
 Shee that has good eyes,
 Has good thighs,
 Drinke away, — drinke away. —

I pledge, I pledge, what ho some Wine,
 Here's to thine, and to thine,
 The colours are Divine. —
 But oh the blacke, the black
 Give me as much agen, and let't be Sacke :
 Shee that has good Eyes,
 Has good Thighs,
 And it may be a better knack. —

Na. A reckoning Boy. — (They knock.)
 There. — (paies him)

Dost heare

Here's a friend of ours 'has forgotten himselfe

A little (as they call it)

The Wine has got into his head,

As the frost into a hand, he is benum'd,

And has no ute of himselfe for the present.

Boy. Hum Sir. — (smiles.)

Na. Prethee lock the dore, and when he

Comes

Comest' himfelfe,
Tell him he fhall find us at the old place,
He knowes where.

Boy. I will Sir. _____ *Exeunt.*

Enter Orfabrin.

Or. To die ! yea what's that?
For yet I never thought on't feriously ;
It may be 'tis. _____ hum. _____
It may be 'tis not too. _____

*Enter Samorat, as Goaler undoes
his Fetters.*

Ha. _____ (as amaz'd.)

What happy intercession wrought this change?
To whole kind prayers owe I this my friend?

Sam. Unto thy vertue _____ Noble youth
The Gods delight in that as well as praiers.
I am _____

Or. Nay, nay, _____
Be what thou wilt,
I will not question't :
Undoe, undoe.

Sam. Thy friend *Samorat.*

Or. Ha ?

Sam. Lay by thy wonder,
And put on these cloathes,
In this disguise thou'lt paffe unto the
Prison-gates, there you fhall finde
One that is taught to know you;
He will conduct you to the corner
Of the wood, and there my hordes waite
Us. _____

We throw this Goaler off in some odde place,

Or. My better Angell. _____ *Exeunt.*

Enter Theeves.

Per. It is 'een as hard a world for Theeves
As honest men, _____ nothing to be got _____
No prize stirring. _____

1. Thee.

1. *Thee.* None, but one with horses,
Who seem'd to stay for some
That were to come,
And that has made us waite thus long.

Per. A leane dayes worke, but what remedie?
Lawyers, that rob men with their owne consent,
Have had the same:
Come, call in our Perdues,
We will away. _____ (*they whistle.*)

Enter *Orfabrin*, as seeking the horses.

Or. I heare them now,
Yonder they are. _____

Per. Hallow, who are these?
Any of ours?

Thee. No, stand close,
They shall be presently,
Yeeld _____ yeeld. _____

Or. Agen betraid? there is no end of my misfortune,
Mischiefe vexes me
Like a quotidian,
It intermits a little, and returns
Ere I have lost the memory of
My former fit. _____

Per. Sentences, sentences,
Away with him—Away with him. — *Exeunt.*

Enter *Goaler*, *Drawers*,
over the Stage.

Jailer. I am the Goaler, undone, undone,
Conspiracie, a cheat, my prisoner, my prisoner. — *Exeunt.*

Enter *Samorat*.

Sam. No men? _____ nor horses? _____
Some strange mistake, _____

May it be, th' are sheltred in the wood. _____

Enter *Peridor* and other Theeves, exami-
ning the young Lord *Torcular*
that was hurt.

Perid. And if a Lady did but see a side,

To

To fetch a Masque or so,
 You follow'd after still,
 As if shee had gone proud?
 Ha; it's not so? —

Tor. Yes.

Per. And if you were us'd but civillie in a place,
 You gave out doubtfull words upon't,
 To make men thinke you did enjoy.

Tor. Oh! yes, yes.

Per. Made love to every peece of cried-up beauty,
 And swore the same things over to them.

Tor. The very same. —

Per. Abominable.

Had he but sworne new things, yet't had been
 Tollerable. —

Reades the summe of the Confession.

Th. Let me see. — let me see.

Hum.

Court Ladies Eight,
 Of which two great ones. —
 Country Ladies twelve.
 Tearmers all. —

Per. Is this right?

Tor. Very right.

Per. Citizens wives of severall trades,
 He cannot count them. —

Chamber maides, and Country wenches,
 About thirty: —

Of which the greater part,
 The night before th'were married,
 Or else upon the day:

Per. A modest reckoning, is this all? —

Tor. No. —

I will be just t'a scruple.

Per. Well said, — well said, —
 Out with it. —

Tor. Put down two old Ladies m.o.e.

Per.

Per. I'th name of wonder,
How could he thinke of old,
In such variety of young?

For. Alas I could never be quiet for them.

Per. Poore Gentleman.

Well what's to be done with him now?

Shall he be thrown into the Cauldron

With the Cuckolds,

Or with the Jealous?

That's the hotter place.

Per. Thou mistakest,

'Tis the same, they go together still:

Jealous and Cuckolds differ no otherwise

Then Sheriffe and Alderman;

A little time makes th'one th'other.

What thinke you of Gelding him,

And tending him to earth agen,

Amongst his women?

'Twould be like throwing a dead fly

Into an Ants nest.

There would be such tearing, pulling,

And getting up upon him,

They would worry the poore thing

To death, ———

Th. 1. Excellent,

Or leave a string as they do sometimes

In young Colts:

Desire and impotence,

Would be a rare punishment.

Fie, fie, the common disease of age,

A very old man 'has it.

Enter *The.*

A prize, — A prize, — A prize,

Orf. This must be Hell by the noise

Ta. Set him down, set him down;

Bring forth the newelt wrack,

And flaming pinching Irons,

(Hornes blow, Brasse
Pots, &c.)

This is a stubborne peece of flesh,
 'Twould have broke loose.

Or. So, this comes of wishing my selfe
 With Divels agen. ———

Per. What art? ———

Or. The slave of Chaunce,
 One of Fortunes fooles;
 A thing shee kept alive on earth
 To make her sport,

Per. Thy name?

Or. Orsabin.

Per. Ha! he that liv'd with Pirats?
 Was lately in a storme?

Or. The very same. ———

Ta. Such respect as you have paid to me, ——— (*whispers*)
 Prepare to Revels, all that can be thought on:

But let each man still keep his shape. ——— (*Exit.*)

They unbind him, all bow to him,

(*Musicke*)

Or. Ha!

Another false smile of Fortune? ——— (*They bring out severall suite of clothes, and a banquet*)

Is this the place the gown'd Clearkes

Do fright men so on earth with?

Would I had been here before.

Master Devill;

To whose use are these set out?

Ta. To yours Sir.

Or. I'll make bold to change a little, ——— (*takes a hat.*)
 Could you not afford a good plaine Sword (*dresses himself.*)
 To all this gallantry? ———

Per. Wee'll see Sir.

Or. A thousand times civiller then men,
 And better natur'd.

Enter Tamoren, Reginella.

Tam. All leave the roome.

I like not this. ——— Ex.

Tam. Cupid do thou the rest,

A blunter arrow, and but slackly drawne,

Would perfect what's begun,

When young and handsome meet,

— The work's halfe done. —

Or. She cannot be lesse then a goddesse ;

And 't must be *Proserpine* :

We speake to her, though *Pluto's* selfe stood by,

Thou beauteous Queene of this darke world,

That mak'st a place so like a hell,

So like a Heaven, instruct me

In what forme I must approach thee,

And how adore thee ? —————→

Re. Tell me what thou art first :

For such a creature

None eyes did never yet behold. —————

Or. I am that which they name above a man :

With watry Elements I much have lov'd,

And there they terme me *Orsabin*.

Have you a name too ? —————

Re. Why doe you aske ?

Or. Because I'de call upon it in a storme,

And save a Ship from perishing sometimes.

Re. 'Tis *Reginella*.

Or. Are you a woman too ?

Never was in earnest untill now.

Re. I know not what I am,

For like my selfe I never yet saw any.)

Or. Nor ever shall.

Oh ! how came you hither ?

Are you were betraied.

Will you leave this place,

And live with such as I am ?

Re. Why may not you live here with me ?

Or. Yes. ———

For I'de carry thee where there is a glorious light ;

Where all above is spread a Canopie,

Studded with twinc kling Gems,

C

Beau-

Beauteous as Lovers eies;
 And underneath Carpets of flowry Meads
 To tread on.——
 A thousand thousand pleasures
 Which this place can ne're afford thee.——

Re. Indeed !

Or. Yes indeed ——

I'll bring thee unto shady walkes,
 And Groves fring'd with Silver purling streams,
 Where thou shalt heare soft feathered Queristers
 Sing sweetly to thee of their own accord.
 I'll fill thy lap with early flowers;
 And whilst thou bind'st them up mysterious waies,
 I'll tell thee pretty tales, and sigh by thee :
 Thus presse thy hand and warme it thus with kisses.

Re. Will you indeed ? ——

Enter King *Per.* above with others.

Ta. Fond Girle :

Her rashnesse sullies the glory of her beauty,
 'Twill make the conquest cheape,
 And weaken my designs,
 Go part them instantly.
 And bind him as before ;
 Be you his keeper *Peridore*.

Per. Yes, I will keep him.

Or. Her eyes like lightning shoot into my heart
 They'll melt it into nothing,
 Ere I can present it to her,
 Sweet Excellence.——

Enter *Theeves*.

Ha ! why is this hateful curtaine drawne before my eyes ?
 If I have sinn'd, give me some other punishment ;
 Let me but looke on her still,
 And double it, oh whether, whether doe you hurry me ?

Per. Madam, you must in.——— (*carry him away.*)

R. Ay me, what's this ? ——

Must ! ——— *Ex.*

Enter

THE GOBLINS.

35

Enter other Devils.

Th. 1. We have had such sport ;
Yonder's the rarest Poet without,
Has made all his confession in blanke verse :
Not left a God, nor a Goddesse in Heaven,
But fetch't them all downe for witneses ;
Has made such a description of Stix,
And the Ferry,
And verily thinks has past them.
Enquires for the blest shades,
And askes much after certaine Brittiſh blades,
One *Shakespeare* and *Fletcher* :
And grew so peremptory at last,
He would be carried where they were.

Th. 2. And what did you with him ?

Th. 1. Mounting him upon a Cowle-staffe,
Which (tossing him something high)
He apprehended to be *Pegasus*.
So we have left him to tell strange lies,
Which hee'le turne into verse ;
And some wise people hereafter into Religion.

ACT IV.

Enter *Samorat*, *Nashorat*, *Pellegrin*.

Na. **G**od faith 'tis wondrous well,
We have ee'n done like eager disputers ;
Had with much adoe
Are got to be just where we were.
This is the corner of the wood.

Sa. Ha ! 'tis indeed. ———

Pell. Had we no walking fire,
Nor sawcer-ey'd Devill of these woods that led us ?
Now am I as weary

As a married man after the first weeke.
And have no more desire to move forwards,
Then a Post-horse that has past his Stage.

Na. 'Sfoot yonder's the night too, stealing away
With her blacke gowne about her :
Like a kind wench, that had staid out the
Last minute with a man.

Pel. What shall we doe, Gentlemen ?
I apprehend falling into this Jaylors
Hands strangely ; hee'd use us worse
Then we did him.

Na. And that was ill enough of Conscience :
What thinke you of turning Beggars ?
Many good Gentlemen have don't : or Theeves ?

Pel. That's the same thing at Court :
Begging is but a kind of robbing th' Exchequer.

Na. Looke foure fathome and a halfe OOS —
In contemplation of his Mistres :
There's a Feast, you and I are out now *Pellegrin* ;
'Tis a pretty trick, this enjoyning in absence.
What a rare invention 'twood be,
If a man could find out a way to make it reall.

Pel. Dost thinke there's nothing in't as tis ?

Na. Nothing, nothing.
Did'st never heare of a dead *Alexander*,
Rais'd to talke with a man ?
Love's a learned Conjuror,
And with the glasse of Fancie will doe as strange things ?
You thrust out a hand,
Your Mistresse thrusts out another :
You shake that hand that shakes you agen :
You put out a lip ; she puts out hers :
Talke to her, she shall answer you ;
Marrie, when you come to graipe all this,
It is but ayer. (*As out of his Study.*

Sam. It was unluckie, _____
Gentlemen, the day appears,

This is no place to stay in;
Let's to some neighbouring Cottage,
May be the Searchers will neglect
The neerer places,
And this will but advance unto our safety.

Enter *Fidlers*.

Na. Who are there?

Fid. 1. Now if the spirit of melancholy should possess them.

F. 2. Why if it should,
An honourable retreat.

N. I have the rarest fancie in my head, _____
Whether are you bound my friends so early?

Fid. To a Wedding Sir.

N. A Wedding?
I told you so.

Whose?

Fid. A Country wenches here hard by,
One *Erblins* daughter.

N. Good: *Erblin*: the very place.
To see how things fall out.
Hold, here's money for you.
Harke you, you must assist me in a small designe.

Fid. Any thing.

Sam. What do'st meane?

N. Let me alone,
I have a plot upon a wench. _____

Fid. Your Worship is merry.

Na. Yes faith, to see her only.
Looke you, some of you shall go back to 'th' Towne,
And leave us your Coats,
My friend and I am excellent at a little Instrument,
And then wee'l sing catches.

P. I understand thee not;
Thou hast no more forecast then a Squirrel,
And hast lesse wise consideration about thee.
Is there a way safer then this!
Dost thinke what we have done

Will not be spread beyond this place with ev'ry light.
Should we now enter any house
Thus near the Towne, and stay all day,
T would be suspicious : What pretence have we ?

P. He speaks reason *Samorat*.

Sa. I doe not like it.

Should any thing fall out 'twould not looke well,
I'de not be found so much out of my selfe,
So far from home as this disguise would make me,
Almost for certainty of safety.

N. Certainty ? Why, this will give it us,
Pray let me governe once.

Sa. Well, you suffered first with me,
Now 'tis my turne.

P. Prethee name not suffering,

N. Come, come, your Coats,
Our Beards will suite rarely to them :
There's more money,
Not a word of any thing as you tender ———

Fid. O Sir.

N. And see you carry't gravely too. ———
Now afore me *Pellagrins* rarely translated.
'Sfoot they'l apprehend the head of the Base Violl
As soone as thee ;
Thou art so likely,
Only I mu't confesse, that has a little the better face.

P. Has it so ? ———

Pox on thee, thou look'st like I cannot tell what.

N. Why, so I would foole,
Th' end of my disguise is to have none
Know what I am :

Looke, looke, a Devill ayring himself. *(Enter a Divell.)*
I'll catch him like a Mole ere he can get under ground.

P. *Nashorat, Nashorat.* ———

N. Pox on that noise, hee's earth't.
Prethee let's watch him and see
Whether hee'll heave agen.

P. Ar't madde? —

N. By this light, three or foure of their skins
And wee'd robbe.

'Twould be the better way. —

Come, come, let's go. ————— *Exeunt.*

Enter *Captain* and *Souldiers*.

Cap. Let the Horfe skirt about this place,
Wee'le make a search within. ————— *Ex.*

Enter *agen*.

Now disperse
I'th hollow of the wood,
Wee'le meet *agen*.

Enter *Na. Pe. Sa. Fid.*

Sol. Who goes there?

Speake, ————— Oh I th'are Fidlers. —

Sawe you no Men nor Horfe

I'th wood to day, ————— as you came along,

(*Nashorat* puls one of the Fidlers by the skirt)

Na. Speake, speake Rogue.

Fid. None Sir, —

Sol. Passe on, ————— *Ex.*

N. Gentlemen what say you to th'invention now,
I'm a Rogue if I do not think
I was design'd for the Helme of State,
I am so full of nimble Stratagems:
That I should have ordered affaires, and
Carried it against the streame of a Faction,
With as much ease as a Skippar,
Would laver against the wind. ————— *Ex.*

Enter *Captaine* and *Souldiers* meet *agen*.

Cap. What, no newes of any?

Sol. No, — not a man stirring;

Enter other *Souldiers*.

So how, away, — away. —

Cap. What, any discovery?

1. *Sol.* Yes, the Horfe has staid three fellowes,
Fidlers they call themselves;

There's something in't ; they looke suspiciously ;
 One of them has offer'd at confession once or twice,
 Like a weake stomacke at vomiting,
 But 'twould not out —

Ca. A little cold Iron thrust downe his throat
 Will fetch it up. —

I am excellent at discoverie,
 And can draw a secret out of a Knave,
 With as much dexterity as a Barber-Surgeon
 Woo'd a hollow tooth.

Let's joyne forces with them. ————— *Exeunt.*

Enter Orsabin.

Or. Sure 'tis eternall night with me ;
 Would this were all too ———
 For I begin to thinke the rest is true,
 Which I have read in books,
 And that there's more to follow. ———

Enter Reginella.

Re. Sure this is he. ——— (*She unbinds him.*)

Or. The pure and first created Light
 Broke through the Chaos thus. ———
 Keep off, keep off thou brighter Excellence,
 Thou faire Divinity: If thou com'st neere,
 (So tempting is the shape thou now assum'st)
 I shall grow sawcy in desire agen,
 And entertaine bold hopes which will but draw
 More, and fresh punishment upon me. ———

Re. I see y' are angry Sir ;
 But if you kill me too, I meant no ill :
 That which brought me hither,
 W^{as} a desire I have to be with you,
 Rather then those I live with: This is all
 Believe't. ———

Or. With me ? Oh thou kind Innocence !
 Witnesse all that can punish falshood,
 That I could live with thee,
 Even in this darke and narrow prison :

And

And thinke all happinesse confin'd within the wals _____
 Oh, hadst thou but as much of Love as I.

Re. Of Love? What's that?

Or. Why 'tis a thing that's had before 'tis knowne:
 A gentle flame that steales into a heart,
 And makes it like one object so, that it scarce cares
 For any other delights, when that is present:
 And is in paine when 't's gone; thinks of that alone,
 And quarrels with all other thoughts that would
 Intrude and so divert it. _____

Re. If this be Love, sure I have some of it,
 It is no ill thing, is it Sir?

Or. Oh most Divine,
 The best of all the gods strangely abound in't,
 And Mortals could not live without it:
 It is the soule of vertue, and the life of life.

Re. Sure I should learne it Sir, if you would teach it.

Or. Alas, thou taught'st it me;
 It came with looking thus. _____ (*They gaze upon one another.*)

Enter Per.

Per. I will no longer be conceal'd,
 But tell her what I am,
 Before this smooth fac'd youth
 Hath taken all the roome
 Up in her heart,
 Ha! unbound! and sure by her!
 Hell and Furies.

P. What ho—within there—*Enter other Theeves.*
 Practise escapes?

Get me new yrons to load him unto death.

Or. I am so us'd to this,
 It takes away the sense of it:
 I cannot thinke it strange.

Re. Alas, he never did intend to goe.
 Use him for my sake kindly:
 I was not wont to be deny'd.
 Ah me! they are hard hearted all.

What

There's something in't ; they looke suspiciously ;
 One of them has offer'd at confession once or twice,
 Like a weake stomacke at vomiting,
 But 'twould not out —

Ca. A little cold Iron thrust downe his throat
 Will fetch it up. —

I am excellent at discoverie,
 And can draw a secret out of a Knave,
 With as much dexterity as a Barber-Surgeon
 Woo'd a hollow tooth.

Let's joyne forces with them. ————— *Exeunt.*

Enter Orsabin.

Or. Sure 'tis eternall night with me ;
 Would this were all too ———
 For I begin to thinke the rest is true,
 Which I have read in books,
 And that there's more to follow. ———

Enter Reginella.

Re. Sure this is he. ——— (*She unbinds him.*

Or. The pure and first created Light
 Broke through the Chaos thus. ———
 Keep off, keep off thou brighter Excellence,
 Thou faire Divinity: If thou com'st neere,
 (So tempting is the shape thou now assum'st)
 I shall grow sawcy in desire agen,
 And entertaine bold hopes which will but draw
 More, and fresh punishment upon me. ———

Re. I see y' are angry Sir :
 But if you kill me too, I meant no ill :
 That which brought me hither,
 W^h a desire I have to be with you,
 Rather then those I live with: This is all
 Beleeve't. ———

Or. With me ? Oh thou kind Innocence !
 Witnesse all that can punish falshood,
 That I could live with thee,
 Even in this darke and narrow prison :

And

And thinke all happinesse confin'd within the wals, ———
 Oh, hadst thou but as much of Love as I.

Re. Of Love? What's that?

Or. Why 'tis a thing that's had before 'tis knowne:
 A gentle flame that steales into a heart,
 And makes it like one object so, that it scarce cares
 For any other delights, when that is present:
 And is in paine when 't's gone; thinks of that alone,
 And quarrels with all other thoughts that would
 Intrude and so divert it. ———

Re. If this be Love, sure I have some of it,
 It is no ill thing, is it Sir?

Or. Oh most Divine,
 The best of all the gods strangely abound in't,
 And Mortals could not live without it:
 It is the soule of vertue, and the life of life.

Re. Sure I should learne it Sir, if you would teach it.

Or. Alas, thou taught'st it me;
 It came with looking thus. ——— (*They gaze upon one another.*)

Enter Per.

Per. I will no longer be conceal'd,
 But tell her what I am,
 Before this smooth fac'd youth
 Hath taken all the roome
 Up in her heart,
 Ha! unbound! and sure by her!
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P. What ho — within there. — *Enter other Theeves.*
 Practise escapes?

Get me new yrons to load him unto death.

Or. I am so us'd to this,
 It takes away the sense of it:
 I cannot thinke it strange.

Re. Alas, he never did intend to goe.
 Use him for my sake kindly:
 I was not wont to be deny'd.
 Ah me! they are hard hearted all.

What

What shall I doe? I'll to my Governour,
Hee'l not be thus cruell. _____ *Exeunt.*

Enter Samorat, Nasborat, Pelegrin.

Nas. 'Tis a rare wench, she 'ith blew stockings:
What a complexion she had when she was warme. _____
'Tis a hard question of these Country wenches,
Which are simpler, their beauties or themselves.
There's as much difference betwixt
A Towne-Lady, and one of these,
As there is betwixt a wilde Pheasant and a tame.

Pell. Right: _____

There goes such essensing, washing, perfuming,
Dawbing, to th' other that they are the least part
Of themselves.

Indeed there's so much sauce, a man cannot taste the meat.

N. Let me kisse thee for that;

By this light I hate a woman drest up to her height,
Worse then I doe Sugar with Muskadine:

It leaves no roome for me to imagine:

I could improve her if she were mine:

It looks like a Jade with his tayle tyed up with ribbons,
Going to a Fayre to be sold.

Pell. No, no, thou hatest it out of another reason, *Nasborat.*

Nas. Prethee what's that?

Pell. Why th' are so fine, th' are of no use that day.

Na. *Pellegrin* is in good feeling.

Sirra, did'st marke the Lasse 'ith green upon yellow,

How she bridled in her head,

And danc't a stroake in, and a stroake out,

Like a young Fillet training to a pace.

Pel. And how she kist,

As if she had been sealing and delivering her self up
To the use of him that came last,

Parted with her sweet-hearts lips still

As unwillingly, and untowardly,

As soft Wax from a dry Seale.

N. True; and when she kisses a Gentleman,

She

She makes a Curtsey, as who should say,
The favour was on his side.
What dull fooles are we to besiege a face
Three moneths for that trifle.
Sometimes it holds out longer, _____
And then this is the sweeter flesh too, _____

Enter Fidlers.

Fid. You shall have horses ready at the time,
And good ones too (if there be truth in drinke)
And for your letters, they are there by this. _____

Sa. An excellent Officer. _____

Enter Wedding.

Clowne. Tut, tut, tur,
That's a good oney'faith, not dance?
Come, come, strike up. (Enter souldiers mustled up in

Sa. Who are those that eye us so severely? (their cloaks.
Belong they to the wedding?

Fid. I know 'em not. (women.

Clo. Gentlemen, wil't please you dance. — (Offer their

Sol. No, keep your women, wee'l take out others here.

Samorat, if I mistake not.

Sa. Ha! betraid? _____ (A buffle.

Clo. How now! what's the matter? abuse our Fidlers?

2 Sol. These are no Fidlers, fools. obey the Princes officers,
Unlessse you desire to goe to prison too.

Sa. The thought of what mult follow disquiets not at all:
But tamely thus to be surpriz'd

In so unhandsome a disguise? _____ (They carry him away.

Pel. P'st ee'n so? Why then,
Farewell the plumed Troops, and the big Wars,
Which made ambition vertue. _____

Nas. I, I, Let them goe, let them goe.

Pel. Have you ever a stratagem Nashtarot?
'Twould be very seasonable. What thinke you now?
Are you design'd for the helme of State?
Can you laver against this Tempest?

Nas. Prethee let me alone, I am thinking for life.

Pe. Yes,

Pe. Yes, 'tis for life indeed, would 'twere not.

Cl. This is very strange; Let's follow after,
And see if we can understand it. ——— *Exeunt.*

Enter Peridor, Orsabin.

Per. A meere Phantasme
Rais'd by Art to trie thee.

Or. Good kind Devill,
Trie me once more.
Help me to the sight of this Phantasme agen.

Per. Thou art undone,
Wer't thou not amorous
In th' other world?
Did'st not love women?

Or. Who did hate them?

Per. Why there's it;
Thou thought'st there was no danger in the sinne,
Because 'twas common.
Above the halfe of that vast multitude
Which fills this place, Women sent hither:
And they are highliest punisht still,
That love the handsomest.

Or. A very lying Devill this
Certainly. ———

P. All that had their women with you,
Suffer with us.

Or. By your friendships favour though,
There's no justice in that:
Some of them suffered enough
In all conscience by 'em there. ———

P. Oh, this is now your mirth:
But when you shall be pinch't
Into a gellie,
Or made into a crampe all over,
These will be sad truths.

Or. He talkes odly now, I doe not like it.
Do'st heare? ———
Prethee exchange some of thy good counsell

For deeds.

If thou bee'st an honest Devill,

(As thou seem'st to be)

Put a sword into my hand,

And help me to the sight of this

Apparition agen. _____

P. Well, some thing I'll doe for thee,

Or rather for my selfe. _____ *Exeunt.*

Enter two other *Devils*.

1.D. Come, let's goe relieve our Poet.

2.D. How, relieve him? hee's releas't; is he not?

1.D. No, no;

Berſat bethought himſelfe at the mouth of the Cave,

And found he would be neceſſary to our Maſque too night.

We have ſet him with his feet in a great tub of water,

In which he dabbles and beleeves it to be Helicon:

There hee's contriving i'th honour of *Mercury*,

Who I have told him comes this night of a meſſage

From *Jupiter* to *Pluto*, and is feaſted here by him.

Th. Oh, they have fetcht him off.

Enter *Poet* and *Theeves*.

Po. Carer per ſo lo carer,

Or he that made the fairie Queene.

1 *Th.* No, none of theſe:

They are by themſelves in ſome other place;

But here's he that writ *Tamerlane*.

P. I beſeech you bring me to him,

There's ſomething in his Scene

Betwixt the Empreſſes a little high and clowdie,

I would reſolve my ſelfe.

1 *Th.* You ſhall Sir.

Let me ſee — the Author of the *bold Beauchams*,

And *Englands Joy*.

Po. The laſt was a well writ peice, I aſſure you,

A Brittain I take it; and *Shakeſpeares* very way:

I deſire to ſee the man,

1 *Th.* Excuse me, no ſeeing here.

The

The gods in complement to *Homer*,
 Doe make all Poets poore above,
 And we all blind below.
 But you shall confesse Sir.
 Follow. _____ *Ex.*

Enter Peridor, Orfabrin.

Or. Hallight and fresh aire agen? (*Peridor unbinds him*
 The place *I* know too. _____ (*and slips away.*
 The very same *I* fought the Duell in.
 The Devill was in the right;
 This was a meere Aparition:
 But 'twas a handsome one, it left impressions here,
 Such as the fairest substance *I* shall ere behold,
 Will scarfe deface.
 Well *I* must resolve, but what, or where?
I, that's the question.
 The Towne's unsafe, there's no returning thither,
 And then the Port. _____ (*Enter some*
 Ha! What means the busie haste of these. ---- (*to passe over.*
 Honest friend. _____ No _____ (*Passes hastily.*
 Do't heare, _____ (*To another.*
 What's the matter pray?

Clo. Gentlemen, gentlemen,
 That's good satisfaction indeed.

Orf. Prethee good fellow tell me. (*Enter another.*
 What causes all this hurry? _____ (*To another.*

Clo. One *Samorat* is led to prison Sir,
 And other Gentlemen about Lord *Torcular*.

Ha! *Samorat*!

There is no meane nor end of fortunes malice:

Oh! 'tis insufferable;

I'm made a boy whipt on anothers backe:

Cruell, *I*'le not endure't by heaven,

He shall not dye for me:

I will not hold a wretched life upon such wretched termes.

Enter Tamoren. Peridor, and others.

(*Ex.*

Tam. Flie; flie abroad, search every place, and

Bring

Bring him back :

Thou hast undone us all with thy neglect,
Deströi'd the hopes we had to be our selves agen ;
I shall run mad with Anger ;

Fly, be gone. ——— *Exeunt* all but *Tam.*

Enter Reginella.

My Reginella, what brings you abroad ?

Re. Deare Governour ? I have a sute to you.

Ta. To me my pretty sweetnesse, what ?

Re. You will deny me Sir I feare,

Pray let me have the stranger that came last in keeping.

Ta. Stranger ? Alas hee's gone, made an escape.

Re. I fear'd he would not stay they us'd him so unkindly.

Indeed I would have us'd him better, (*weeps.*)
And then he had been here still.

Tam. Come, doe not weep my girle :
Forget him pretty pensivenesse, there will
Come others every day as good as he.

Re. Oh I never : I'le close my ey's to all now hee's gone.

Tam. How catching are the sparkes of love ? Still this
Mischance shewes more and more unfortunate.
I was too curious. ———

Come indeed, you must forget him,
The gallant'st and the godli'st to the eye are not the best,
Such handsome and fine shap'es as those
Are ever false and foule within.

Re. Why Governour d'you then put
Your finest things still in your finest Cabinets ?

Tam. Pretty Innocence : no, I doe not ;
You see I place not you there,
Come no more teares :

Lets in and have a Mate at Chesse,

"Diversiön cures a losse, or makes it selfe. ——— *Exeunt.*]

[ACT

ACT V.

Enter *Tamareu*, *Peridor*, and others.

Pe. **C**Rost all the High-ways, searcht the Woods,
Beat up and down with as much pain & diligence,
As ever Huntsman did for a lost Deere.

Ta. A race of Criples, are y' all
Issue of Snayles, he could not else have scap't us.
Now? what newes bring you?

Th. Sir, we have found him out,
The party is in priton.

Ta. How? in prison?

Th. For certaine Sir.

It seemes young *Samorat* and he
Were those that fought the duell t'other day,
And left our *Torcular* so wounded there.
For his supposed death was *Samorat* taken,
Which when this youth had found,
He did attempt to free him (scaling the wall
By night) but finding it impossible,
Next Morning did present himselfe
Into the hands of Justice, imagining
His death that did the fact, an equall sacrifice.

Ta. Brave *Orfabrin*.

Th. Not knowing that the greedy Law ask's more,
And doth prescribe the accessarie
As well as principall.

Ta. Just so 'ith nicke? 'ith very nicke of time?

Per. Hee's troubled.

Ta. It will be excellent.
Be all in souldiers straight,
Where's *Torcular*?

Th. Forth comming Sir.

Ta. How are his wounds?
Will they endure the Aire?
Under your gaberdines weare Pistols all.

Per. What

Per. What does he meane?

Ta. Give me my other habit and my sword
I'll least suspected way hast after me.

Tb. All?

Tam. All but *Peridor*; I will abroad,
My broken hopes and suff'rings
Shall have now some cure.

Fortune spite of her selfe shall be my friend,
And either shall redresse, or give them end. ——— *Ex.*

P. I've found it out,
He doe's intend to fetch this stranger backe,
And give him *Reginella*,
Or elle ——— No, no, it must be that
His anger, and the search declare it;
The secret of the prison-houle shall out I sweare.
He set all first on fire,
For middle waies to such an end are dull. ——— *Ex.*

Enter *Prince, Phi.*

S. Since she was refus'd to speake with you Sir,
Nor looke of any,
Anguishes so fast,
Her servants feare she will not live
To know what does become of him.

Phi. Sir 'tis high time you visit her.

Pri. I cannot looke upon her, and deny her:

Phi. Nor need you Sir,
All shall appeare to her most gracious:
Tell her the former part o'th' Law
Must passe, but when it comes t'execute,
Promise her that you intend to interpose.

Pr. And shall then *Samorat* live?

Ph. Oh! ———
Nothing lesse! The censure past,
His death shall follow without noyse:
Tis but not owning of the fact,
Disgracing for a time a Secretarie,
Or so ——— the thing's not new ———

D

Put

Put on forgiving looks Sir,

We are there _____

Enter *Sabrina's* Chamber.

A mourning silence

Sister *Sabrina* _____

Sab. Hence, hence,

Thou cruell hunter after life :

Thou art a paine unto my eyes as great,
As my deare Mother had when she did
Bring thee forth _____ And sure that was
Extreme, since she produc't a monster.

Ph. Speake to her your selfe,
Shee's so incenst against me,
She will not welcome happines,
Because I bring it.

Pr. Faire ornament of griefe,
Why are you troubled _____
Can you beleeeve there's any thing within
My power which you shall mourne for?
If you have any feares, impart them ;
Any desires, give them a name,
And I will give thee rest :
You wrong the greatnes of my love,
To doubt the goodnes of it.

Sab. Alas, I doe not doubt your love my Lord,
I feare it ; 'tis that which does undoe me.
For 'tis not *Samorai* that's prisoner now,
It is the Princes Rivall ;
Oh ! for your owne sake Sir be mercifull :
How poorely will this sound hereafter,
The Prince did feare another's merit so,
Found so much vertue in his rivall, that
He was forc't to murder it, make it away.
There can be no addition to you Sir by his death,
By his life there will ; You get the point
Of honour, fortune does offer here
What time perchance cannot agen :

A handsome opportunity to show
The bravery of your minde _____

Pri. This pretty Rhetorique cannot perswade me (*faint*)
To let your *Samorat* live for my sake :
It is enough he shall for yours.

Sab. Though vertue still rewards it selfe, yet here
May it not stay for that ; but may the gods
Showre on you suddenly such happines,
That you may say, my mercy brought me this _____

P. The gods no doubt will heare when you doe pray
Right waies : But here you take their names in vaine,
Since you can give your selfe that happines
Which you doe aske of them.

Sab. Most gracious Sir, doe not _____

Pr. Hold, I dare not heare thee speake,
For feare thou now should'st tell me,
What I doe tell my selfe ;
That I would poorely bargaine for any favours ;
Retire and banish all thy feares,
Will be kind and just to thee *Sabrina*,
What s'ere thou prov'it to me.

Ph. Rarely acted Sir, _____ *Ex Sabr.*

Pr. Ha ! _____

Ph. Good faith to th' very life.

Pr. Acted ? _____ No, _____ 'twas not acted.

Ph. How Sir ?

Pr. I was in earnest.

meane to conquer her this way,
Be others low and poore.

Ph. Ha ? _____

Pr. I told thee 't would be so before.

Ph. Why Sir, you doe not meane to save him ? _____

Pr. Yes — I doe _____

Samorat shall be releas't immediatly. _____

Ph. Sure you forget I had a brother Sir,
and one that did deserve Justice at least.

Pr. He did _____

And we shall have it :

He that kil'd him shall dye _____

And 'tis high satisfaction, that,

Looke not _____

It must be so _____ *Exeunt.*

Enter Stramador, and Peridor.

P. No Devils *Stramador*,

Beleeve your eyes _____ To which I

Cannot be so lost, but

You may call to minde

One *Peridor*.

Str. Ha ? *Peridor* ? thou did'st
Command that day

In which the *Tamorens* fell.

P. I did _____

Yet *Tamoren* lives.

Str. Ha ?

P. Not *Tamoren* the Prince, he fell indeed ;
But *Tamoren* his brother, who that day
Led our horse :

Young *Reginellatoo*,

Which is the subject of the suit, _____

You have ingag'd your selfe by oath,

The King shall grant.

Str. Oh ! 'tis impossible,
Instruct me how I should beleeve thee.

Pe. Why thus _____

Necessity upon that great defeat

Forc't us to keep the Woods, and hide our selves

In holes which since we much enlarg'd,

And fortifi'd them in the entrance so,

That 'twas a safe retreat upon pursuite :

Then swore we all allegiance to this *Tamoren*.

These habits better to disguise our selves, we took at first,

But finding with what ease we rob'd,

We did continue 'em, and tooke an Oath,

Till some new troubles in the State should happen,

Or faire occasion to make knowne our selves
 Offer it selfe, we would appeare no other :
 But come, let's not loose
 What we shall ne're recover,
 This opportunitie _____

Enter *Nashorat*, and *Pe.*

Pe. Nashorat, you have not thought of any
 Stratagem yet _____

N. Yes I have thought _____

Pe. What? _____

N. That if you have any accompts with heaven,
 They may goe on _____

This villanous dying's, like a strange tune,
 Has run so in my head,

No wholsome consideration would enter it.

Nothing angers me neither, but that
 It passe by my Miltresses window to't.

Pe. Troth, that's unkinde,
 It have something troubles me too.

N. What's that.

Pe. The people will say as we goe along,
 Thou art the properer fellow.

Then I breake an appointment

With a Merchants Wife,

But who can help it? _____ (*Nashorat.*

N. Yea who can help it indeed,

She's to blame though 'faith, if she

Does not beare with thee,

Considering the occasion _____

P. Considering the occasion as you say,

A man would thinke he might be borne with.

There's a Scrivener I should have paid

Some money to, upon my word,

But _____

Enter *Orsabin*, *Samorat*, *Princes servants.*

Or. By faire *Sabrina's* name,

conjure you not to refuse the mercy

Of the Prince _____

Sam. It is resolv'd Sir, you know my answer.

Or. Whether am I false ?

I thinke if I should live a little longer,
I should be made the cause of all the mischief
Which should arise to the world _____

Hither I came to save a friend,
And by a slight of fortune I destroy him :

My very wayes to good prove ill.

Sure I can looke a man into misfortune :

The Plague's so great within me 'tis infectious.

Oh ! I am weary of my selfe :

Sir I beseech you yet accept of it,

For I shall be his way

A sufferer,

And an executioner too _____

Sam. I beg of thee no more,

Thou do'st beget in me desire to live :

For when I finde how much I am

Behind in noble acts of friendship,

I cannot chuse but wish for longer time, that I might

Struggle with thee, for what thou hast too clearly now

Got from me : The point of honour _____

Oh ! it is wisdom and great thrift to dye ;

For who with such a debt of friendship and

Of Love, as you and my *Sabrina* must expect from me

Could ere subsist.

N. They are complementing ;

'Sfoot they make no more of it,

Then if 'twere who should goe in first at

A doore _____ I thinke *Pellegrine*, as you and I

Have cast it up, it comes to something

More _____

Mess. Gentlemen, prepare, the Court is setting.

Sam. Friends, this is no time for ceremonie ;

But what a racke have I within me,

To see you suffer.

And

And yet I hope the Prince will let this anger dye
In me, not to take the forfeiture of you.

N. If he should, *Pellegrin* and I are resolv'd,
And are ready, all but our speeches to the people,
And those will not trouble us much,
For we intend not to trouble them.

(*Exeunt.*)

Enter *Prince, Peridor*, and others.

Pr. Not accept it?

Lose this way too? — What shall I doe?

He makes advantages of mine,
And like a skilfull Tennis-player,
Returns my very best with excellent designe.
It must not be,

Bring to the Closet here above, the chiefe oth' Jury:
I'll try another way. ————— *Ex.*

Enter *Judges, Prisoners, Lawyers.*

N. Of all wayes of destroying mankind,
These Judges have the easiest,
They sleep and doe it.

Pe. To my thinking now,
This is but a solemner kind of Puppet-play:
How the Devill came we to be actors in't?
So; it begins.

1 *Judg.* The Princes Councell:
Are they ready?

Lawy. Here —————

Judg. Begin then —————

Law. My Lords, that this so great and strange.

Sa. Most reverend Judges,
To save th' expence of breath and time,
And dull Formalities of Law —————
I here pronounce my selfe guilty.

Pri. from above. Agen he has prevented me —

Sa. So guilty that no other can pretend
A share ———

This noble youth, a stranger to every thing
But Gallantry, ignorant in our Lawes and Customes,

Has made perchance
 (In strange severity) a forfeit of himselfe;
 But should you take it.
 The gods when he is gone will sure revenge it.
 If from the stalke you pull this bud of vertue,
 Before 't has spread and shewne it selfe abroad,
 You doe an injury to all mankind;
 And publique mischief cannot be private Justice.
 This man's as much above a common man,
 As man's above a beast; And if the Law
 Destroyes not man for killing of a beast,
 It should not here, for killing of a man.

Oh what mistake 'twould be?

For here you sit to weed the Cankers out
 That would doe hurt 'ith' State, to punish vice;
 And under that y'oud root out vertue too ———

Or. If I doe blush, 'tis not (most gracious Judges)
 For any thing which I have done, 'tis for that
 This much mistaken youth hath here deliver'd.
 'Tis true (and I confesse) I ever had
 A little stocke of honour (which I still preserv'd)
 But that (by leaving me behinde alive)
 He now most cunningly doe's thinke to get from me;
 And I beseech your Lordships to assist me;
 For 'tis most fraudulent all he desires.
 Your Lawes I hope are reasonable,
 Else why should reasonable men
 Be subject to them; and then
 Upon what grounds is he made guilty now?
 How can he be thought accessarie
 To th' killing of a man,
 That did not know o'th' fighting with him?
 Witnesse all those pow'rs which search mens hearts,
 That I my selfe, (untill he beckned me)
 Knew nothing of it, if such a thing
 As sacrifice must be — why? Man for mans enough:
 Though elder times t'appeale diviner Justice,
 Did offer up ———

(Whither

(Whither through gallantrie, or ignorance)
 Vast multitudes of Beasts in sacrifice,
 Yet numbers of men is seldome heard of :
 One single *Curtius* purg'd a whole States sin :
 You will not say th' offence is now as great,
 Or that you ought to be more highly satisfied
 Then Heaven —————

P. Brave youths —————

N. Pellegrin, you and I will let our speeches alone.

I Judg. If that the Law were of so fine a web,
 As wit and fancie spin it out to, here,
 Then these defences would be just, and save :
 But that is more substantiall,
 Of another make —————
 And Gentlemen, if this be all,
 Sentence must passe —————

Enter *Tamoren.*

Tam. Orsabrini

Or. Ha ! who names me there ?

Ta. A friend : heare me :

I am an Officer in that darke world
 From whence thou cam'st, sent
 Thus disguis'd by *Reginella* our faire Queene,
 And to redeeme thee.

Or. Reginella !

P'h' midst of all these ills,
 How preciouslly that name doe's sound ?

Ta. If thou wouldst weare to follow me,
 At th' instant th' art releast ;
 I'll save thee and thy friends,
 In spite of Law. —————

Or. Doubt not of that ;
 Bring me where *Reginella* is :
 And if I follow not, perpetuall misery follow me :
 It cannot be a Hell
 Where she appeares ———

Tam. Be confident. ——— (Goes out and brings *Torculus.*
 Behold

Behold (grave Lords) the man
 Whose death question'd the life of these,
 Found and recovered by the Theeves
 'ith Woods;
 And rescued since by us, to rescue Innocence.

Or. Rare Devill,
 With what dexteritie h'as raised this
 Shape up; to delude them _____

Pr. Ha? *Torcular* alive?

Ph. *Torcular*?

I should as soone beleieve my brother
 Neere in being too.

Tor You cannot wonder more to finde me here,
 Then *I* doe to hide my selfe.

Na. Come unbinde, unbinde, this matter's answered.

Judg. 2. Hold: they are not free, the Law exacts
 The same for breach of prison that it did before.

Or. There is no scaping out of fortunes hands.
 Doe't heare; hast never a trick for this? —

Ta. Doubt me not, *I* have without, at my command,
 Those which never fail'd me;
 And it shall cost many a life yet
 Sir, ere yours be lost _____

Pr. *Stramador* you have been a stranger here of late.

Str. Peruse this paper Sir, you'l find there was good reason
 Enter Prince *Philatell* from above. (for't.

Sramador, *Peridor*, *Reginella* meet them below.

Pr. How I old *Tamorens* brother, Captaine
 Of the Theeves, that has infested thus
 Our Countrey?

Reginella too, the heire of that fear'd Familie!
 A happy and a strange discovery.

Ta. *Peridor*, and *Reginella*, the villaine
 Has betray'd me.

Re. 'Tis *Orfabrin*, they have kept their words.

Or. *Reginella*? she was a woman then.
 O let me goe.

Jay. You

Jay. You doe forget sure what you are.

Or. I doe indeed : oh, to unriddle now !

Stra. And to this man you owe it Sir,
You find an ingagement to him there ;
And I must hope you'l make me just to him.

Pr. He does deserve it,
Seize on him _____

Tam. Nay then all truths must out.
That I am lost and forfeit to the Law,
I doe confesse,
Yet since to save this Prince.

P. Prince !

Or. (Our *Mephosto-philus* is mad.)

Ta. Yet, Prince, this is the *Orsabin*.

Or. Ha ! _____

Tam. So long agoe,
Supposed lost,
Your Brother Sir :

Fetch in there *Ardelan* and *Piramon*.

Enter *Ardelan* and *Piramon*.

N. What mad Planet rules this day
Ardelan, and *Piramon*.

Or. The Divil's wanton,
And abuses all mankinde to day.

Ta. These faces are well knowne to all *Francelians*,
Now let them tell the rest _____

Pi. My noble Master living ! found in *Francelia* ?

Ar. The gods have satisfied our tedious hopes.

Ph. Some Imposture.

Or. A new designe of fortune _____
I dare not trust it.

Ta. Why speake you not ?

Piram. I am so full of joy, it will not out.
Know ye *Francelians*,
When *Sanborne* fatall field was fought,
So desperate were the hopes of *Orsabin*,
That 'twas thought fit to send away this Prince,

And

And give him safety in another clime ;
That spite of an ill day, an *Orsabrin* might be
Preserv'd alive.

Thus you all know,
To *Garradans* chiefe charge he was committed :
Who when our Barke by Pyrats was surpris'd,
(For so it was) was slaine 'ith first encounter ;
Since that we have been forc't to wait
On Fortunes pleasure.

And Sir, that all this time we kept
You from the knowledge of your selfe,
Your pardon ; It was our zeale that err'd,
Which did conclude it would be prejudiciall.

Ar. My Lords you looke as if you doubted still:
If *Firamont* and I be lost unto your memory,
Your hands *I* hope are not ———

Here's our Commission :

There's the Diamond Elephant,
That which our Princes Sons are ever knowne by :
Which we to keep him undiscovered,
Tore from his riband in that fatall day
When we were made prisoners :
And here are those that tooke us,
Which can witnesse all circumstance,
Both how, and when, time and place ;
With whom we ever since have liv'd by force :
For on no Kingdome, friend unto *Francelia*,
Did Fortune ever land us, since that houre ;
Nor gave us meanes to let our Country know
He liv'd ———

T. These very truths, when they could have no ends,
(For they beleev'd him lost)
I did receive from them before,
Which gave me now the boldnes to appeare
Here, where *I*'m lost by Law.

Shouts without, { Long live Prince *Osabrin*.
 { Long live Prince *Orsabrin*,

Na. Pellegrin let's second this :
Right or wrong 'tis best for us.

Pe. Observe, observe.

Pr. What shouts are those ?

Sir. Souldiers of *T amorens* the first ;
The second was the peoples, who
Much presse to see their long lost Prince.

Phi. Sir, 'tis most evident, and all agrees,
This was his colour'd haire,
His Aire, though alter'd much with time :
You weare too strange a face upon this newes ;
Sir, you have found a brother

I, Torcular, the Kingdomes happines ;
For here the plague of Robberies will end.
It is a glorious day ———

Pr. It is indeed, *I* am amaz'd, not sad ;
Wonder doe's keep the passage so,
Nothing will out.

Brother (for so my kinder Stars will have it)
I here receive you as the bounty of the gods ;
A blessing *I* did not expect,
And in returne to them, this day,
Francelia ever shall keep holy.

Or. Fortune by much abusing me, has
So — dul'd my faith, *I* cannot
Credit any thing.

I know not how to owne such happines.

P. Let not your doubts lessen your joyes :
If you have had disasters heretofore,
They were but given to heighten what's to come.

Na. Here's as strange a turne as if 'twere the
Fift Act in a Play. ———

Peli. *I* 'm sure 'tis a good turne for us.

Or. Sir, why stands that Lady so neglected there,
That does deserve to be the busines of mankinde.
Oh ye gods : since you'l be kind
And bountifull, let it be here.

As fearfully, as jealous husbands aske
 After some secrets which they dare not know ;
 Or as forbidden Lovers meet i'th night,
 Come *I* to thee (and 'tis no ill signe this,
 Since flames when they burne highest tremble most)
 Oh, should she now deny me !

Re. *I* know not perfectly what all this meanes ;
 But *I* doe finde some happinesse is neare,
 And *I* am pleas'd, because *I* see you are —

Or. She understands me not —

Pr. He seemes t'have passion for her.

Ta. Sir, in my darke commands these flames broke out
 Equally, violent at first sight ;
 And 'twas the hope *I* had to reconcile my selfe.

Or. It is a holy Magicke that will make
 Of you and *I* but one. —

Re. Any thing that you wou'd aske me, sure *I* might grant.

Or. Harke Gentlemen, she doe's consent,
 What wants there else ?

Pe. My hopes grow cold, *I* have undone my selfe.

Pr. Nothing, we all will joyne in this ;
 The long liv'd feu'd between the Families
 Here dyes, this day the Hymenæall
 Torches shall burne bright ;
 So bright, that they shall dimme the light
 Of all that went before —

See *Sabrina* too. — (Enter *Sabrina*.)

Ta. Sir, *I* must have much of pardon,
 Not for my selfe alone, but for all mine —

Pr. Rile, had'st thou not deserv'd what now thou sur'st for,
 This day should know no clouds.

Peridor kneeles to *Tamoren*.

Tam. Taught by the Princes mercy ; *I* forgive too.

Sab. Frighted hither Sir.

They told me you wou'd not accept the Princes mercy.

Sam. Art thou no further yet in thy intelligence ?

See, thy brother lives —

Sab. My brother ? —

Tor.

Tor. And 'tis the least of wonders has false out.

Or. Yes, such a one as you are, faire, *(Reginella looks
at Sabrina.*
And you shall be acquainted.

Sam. Oh could your hate my Lords, now,
Or your love dye.

Phy. Thy merit has prevail'd
With me.

Tor. And me.

Pr. And has almost with me.

Samor at thou dost not doubt thy Mistress Constance.

Sam. No Sir.

Pr. Then I will beg of her,
That till the Sun returns to visit us,
She will not give away her selfe for ever.
Although my hopes are faint,
Yet I would have 'em hopes,
And in such jolly houres as now attend us.
I would not be a desperate thing,
One made up wholly of despaire.

Sab. You that so freely gave me *Samor at's* life,
Which was in danger,
Most justly, justly, may be suffer'd to attempt
Upon my love, which is in none.

Pr. What sayes my noble Rivall?

Sab. Sir, y' are kind in this, and wisely doe
Provide I should not surfeit :

For here is happines enough besides to last the Sun's returns.

N. You and I are but savers with all this *Pellegrin.*

But by the Lord 'tis well we came off
As we did, all was at stake — —

Pr. Come, no more whispers here,
Let's in, and there unriddle to each other — —
For I have much to aske.

Or. A Life ! a Friend ! a Brother ! and a Mistress !
Oh ! what a day was here :

Gently my Joyes distill,

Least you should breake the Vessell you should fill.

F I N I S.